

THE HUNT IS ON FOR HALO'S BONES!

PROG 413
13 APR 85

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

\$1.45 Malaysia
85c Australia
65c New I
85g Mar
210g Ven
66g Mars
10g Aster
110g Sat
10g Neptun
2g Pluto

Sean's Newsagents

39P

EARTH MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

HOT DIGITAL DOG!

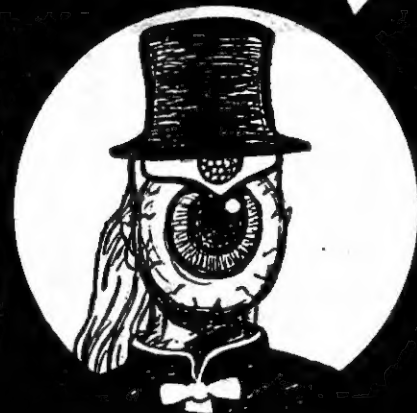
NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

I bring you tidings of galactic goodies! This supreme prog is packed with more than enough thrill-powered stories to satisfy your average alien editor...but it's still not enough for Tharg the Generous! In this week's edition of the galaxy's greatest you will find a Peek Freans competition, with home computers, colour televisions and radio cassettes being just some of the prizes you can win. And there's more on the way: next week you can get your grabbers on the exciting "MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE" album which I will be presenting - FREE - together with a packet of 5 stickers. More details about this gift appear elsewhere in your prog. I regret that my overseas and inter-galactic readers will not be able to join in this scheme. However, my droids are labouring day and night to compensate them, by producing an 8th Birthday Issue...in just a few weeks' time...which will be a prog-among-progs to treasure forever!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

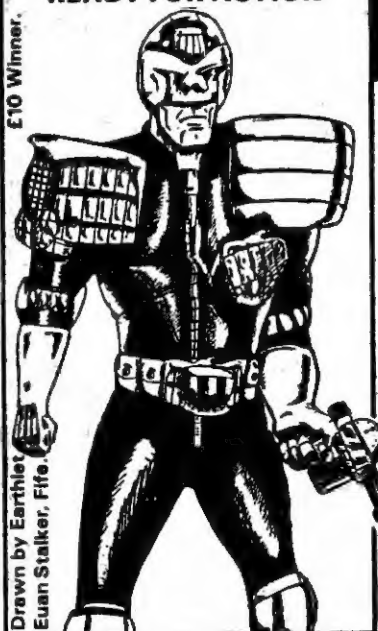
THARG



THARG THE RESIDENT

Drawn by Earthlet Vince Coulman,
Manchester. £10 Winner.

READY FOR ACTION



£10 Winner.

Drawn by Earthlet Euan Stalker, Fife.

ANYONE FOR VIOLENT MAYHEM?

Dear Tharg,

In Progs 375 and 376 you printed a laser scan of the 1984 Inter-Galactic Tennis Tournament Men's Doubles Champions. Will Mr Waldo 'D.R.' Dobbs and Mr Ernest Errol Quinch be on Dipthunk 5 this year to defend their title?

From Earthlet Matthew Dampier, Gosport. £5 Winner.

Unfortunately not. The Dipthunk 5 Lawn Tennis Club suffered a direct nuclear hit shortly after last year's awards ceremony. Who knows? Perhaps there'll be a surprise late entry for this month's Ladies' Doubles Badminton Championships in Cardiff...

STRONTIUM SOFTWARE : 1

Dear Tharg,

I recently bought the zarjaz *Strontium Dog* game called "The Killing", but being a mere Earthlet I cannot get past the second medi-centre! Could your mighty self tell me how to get past it?

From mere Earthlet Marc Brooks, Hemel Hempstead. £5 Winner.

I could - but I'm not going to. Instead, I'm going to tell you how to gain a massive bounty once you've killed the hanging man.

STRONTIUM SOFTWARE : 2

Borag Thungg, Mighty One,

Here is a great tip for any Squaxx dek Thargo who bought the scrotnig game "The Killing", starring Johnny Alpha, for their Spectrum. After killing the hanging man, shoot at the gallows he was on. Every time you do this an alien is killed, and you gain a massive bounty! Also, please could you tell me the year the first 2000 AD ANNUAL was published?

From Earthlet Ian Crossman, Farnborough. £5 Winner.

I could - but I'm not going to. Oh, all right...the debut 2000 AD ANNUAL had the year 1978 printed on it, although it first went on sale in August 1977.

ANDERSON (sigh...)

Dear Tharg,

I live in a small room in a student hall of residence. The only way to keep thrill-suckers at bay is by covering all the walls of my room with covers, laser scans and *Judge Dredd* stories. Could you please program a full-colour laser scan of *Judge Anderson*? And even more important, will Anderson ever have her own story?

From Earthlet Stephen Blackman, Cranfield. £5 Winner.

Prepare yourself for future shocks, Terran: the laser scan you yearn for will appear in next week's issue (Prog 414), while Anderson's own thrill-powered story starts in my zarjaz 8th Birthday Issue (Prog 416).

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:

My Age Is: 413



HALO?
IT'S NO
USE HIDING,
GIRLY...

2000AD
Credit Card!

SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E



INFRA-RED VISION...
IT'S A STANDARD FEATURE
ON MY KIND OF MODEL. I
CAN SEE YOUR HEAT-
PATTERN, THROUGH THE
SHADOWS, THROUGH
THE WALLS...

IT'S VERY
PRETTY.

I'D LIKE
TO SEE IT
CLOSE UP.

Thudrrun Thudrrun THUDRRUN THUDRRUN
THUDRRUN



TOBY?



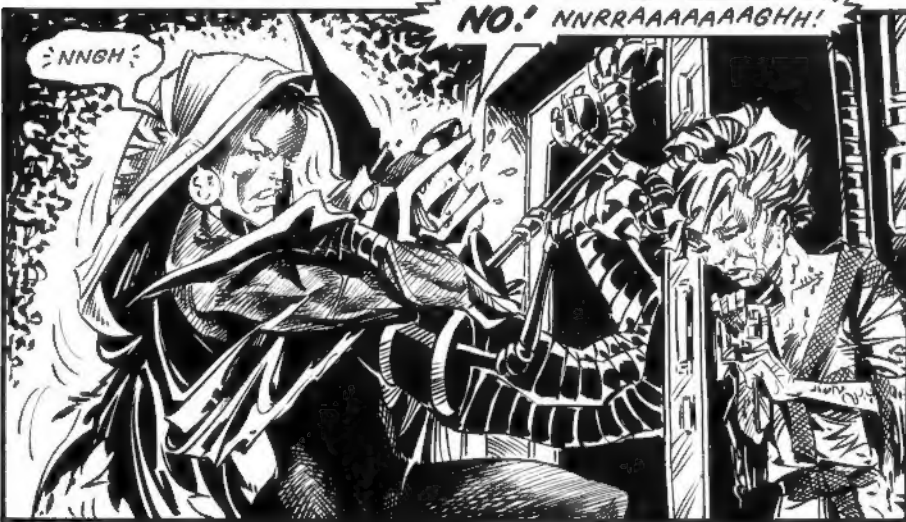
AAA!

SHKRANNG!

8: HOUNDED.

The Ballad Of
HALO
JONES







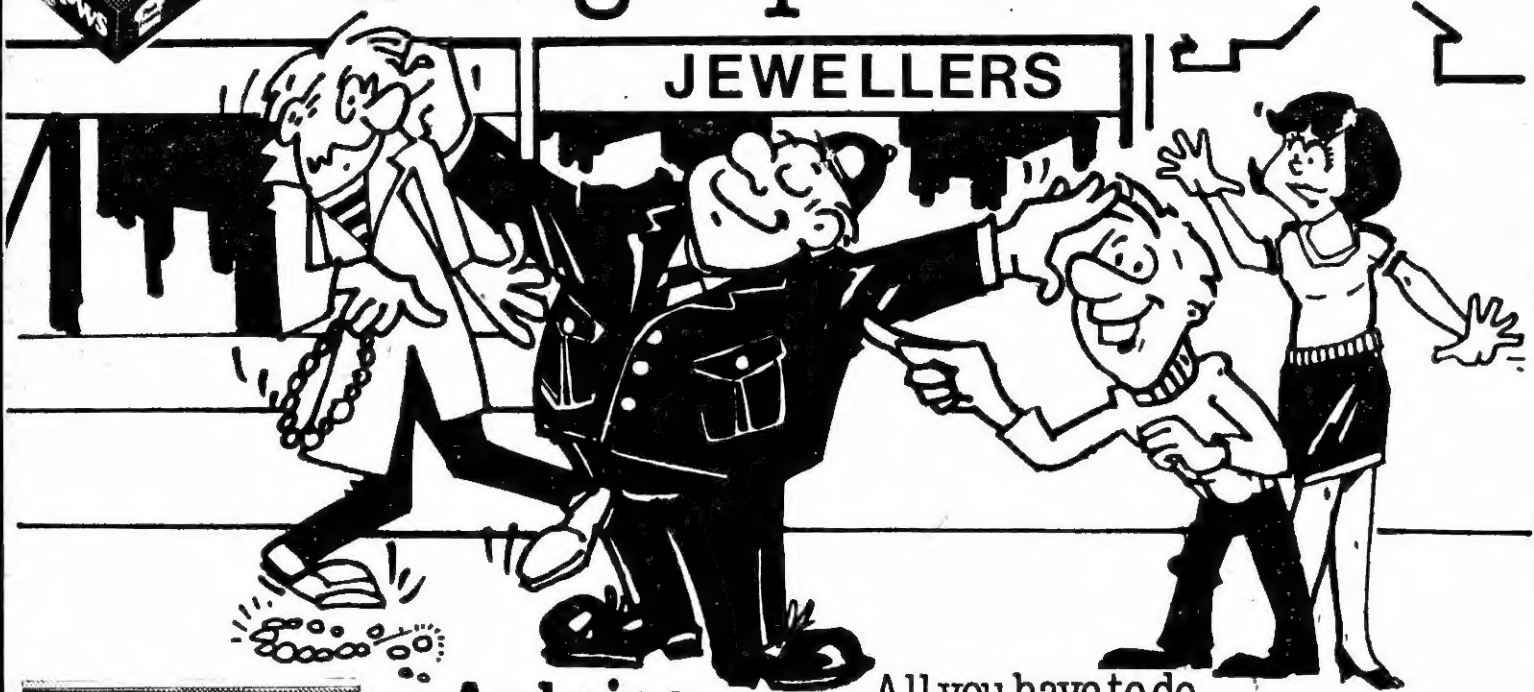


2000 AD LEYSER-SCAN



The
DEFENCE OF DINAS EMRYS!

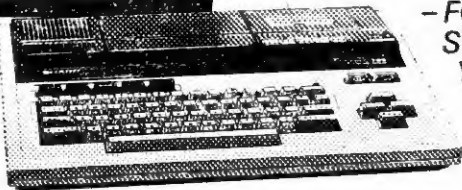
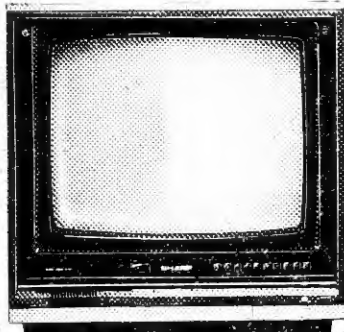
Be the Peek Freans Mallows Young Reporter of the Year



**And win a
Super Prize
Top Prize**

**Portable Colour TV
& Home Computer**

**- FOR
STORING
YOUR
CRIME
FILES.**



2nd Prize

Portable Colour TV
- to watch News at Ten
to improve your reporting style.

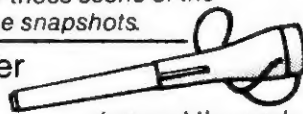
3x3rd Prizes

**Portable Radio
Cassette Recorders**
- to record interviews
with eye-witnesses.

4x4th Prizes

Kodak Disc Cameras
- for those scene of the
crime snapshots.

**plus 100 Parker Slinger
Pens**
RUNNER-UP PRIZES



- always at the ready
for noting down the key facts.

All you have to do

Study the picture above. It shows a 'SCENE OF THE CRIME' picture. We want you to **PRETEND YOU ARE A NEWS REPORTER**. In not more than 150 words, send us a news report of an incident which involves the facts below. You may make up the names of places, people, times and dates but the information given should form the basis of your report.

1. A jeweller's shop has been robbed by a thief in a smash and grab raid.
2. The quick-thinking young shop-assistants telephoned the local police.
3. The policeman was quickly on the scene to make an arrest and say "Well done" to the shop-assistants.

You may make your entry by writing neatly on a plain piece of paper or, if you prefer, send us a cassette tape with you speaking your report. In either case, please state your name and address and age on 31/10/85.

Unfortunately, we shall only be able to return cassettes if you send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

TO ENTER, YOU MUST ALSO SEND THE FLAP WITH THE WHITE BOX STATING 'BEST BEFORE' FROM THE END OF A BOX OF PEEK FREANS MALLOWS OR ORANGE MALLOWS. These can be bought at most supermarkets or grocery stores. Please write to the competition address if you have difficulty finding a stockist.

The entries will be judged on November 1st 1985. Make sure you send your entry in early.

Rules

1. Entries only accepted with the stated proof of purchase.
2. The competition is only open to young people under 17 years of age on 31/10/85.
3. Closing date 31st October 1985.
4. Winners will be notified by 30th November, 1985. A full list of prizewinners may be obtained by sending a stamped s.a.e. to the competition address.
5. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. Families of employees of Nabisco Group Ltd. and their agents are not eligible for entry.
7. The competition is open to residents of the UK and Channel Islands only.
8. You may make more than one entry provided each is accompanied by the stated proof of purchase. However, only one prize per entrant will be awarded.

2 Age groups

We will split the entries into these two age groups:

a) Under 11 on 31/10/85. b) 11-16 on 31/10/85.

So each entrant has an equally fair chance of winning, the judges will take into consideration your age.

The winners from both age groups will receive the prizes featured in the panel to the left. Please send to: Young Reporter Competition, BDM Ltd, PO Box 50, Hemet Hempstead, Herts. AND REMEMBER, DON'T FORGET TO STATE YOUR AGE ON 31/10/85, NAME AND ADDRESS AND THE NAME OF THIS COMIC.

Closing date for entries, 31/10/85.



NABISCO GROUP GROCERY DIVISION, 121 KINGS
ROAD, READING, RG1 3EF.

SQUADRON LEADER MOGROOTH AND SKLING HAD FOUGHT A HUNDRED BATTLES TOGETHER BUT THIS WAS TO BE THE LAST ONE. SKLING WAS DYING.



MOGROOTH HAD NEVER FELT SUCH PAIN - NOT SINCE THAT DAY, THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE, WHEN HIS BELOVED ATLANTIS HAD BEEN DESTROYED BY THE CYTHRONS... AND HE'D JOINED THE EVER-LIVING ONES IN THEIR ETERNAL WAR AGAINST THE ALIEN INVADERS.

SWEARING VENGEANCE ON ITS KILLER, THE BLUE-BLACK RMOAHAL RAISED HIS LEYSER-GUN...



AND BLEW HIS DRAGON'S BRAINS OUT.



FLAUNTING SKLING'S WING, THE KNUCKER FLEW US TOWARDS THE ETERNAL FORTRESS...



WE MUST AWAIT PERMISSION TO ENTER, SLAINE!

I MAKE MY OWN ENTRANCES, GIRL!

SOOTH! IT'S LIKE HITTING THE WALL WITH A BATTERING RAM!

PULSED ENERGY LEYSER.

SCRIPT:
PAT MILLS
ART:
DAVID PUGH
LETTERING:
G. ROBSON







LET'S GET
STARTED
THEN!

NO-ONE'S MORE EAGER
THAN ME TO MAKE
TROUBLE - BUT I LIKE
TO KNOW THE REASON...



MY DRAGON'S
DEATH! I WANT
SATISFACTION!



YOU'LL GET
NOTHING -

BUT MY
FIST!



SLAINE DIDN'T USE HIS
LEYSER-GUN. BEING A
HEAD-HUNTER, HE'D
TAKEN RATHER A FANCY
TO MOGROOTH'S...

AND WANTED TO RE-
MOVE IT CLEANLY...

...SO HE COULD PICKLE
IT AND SHOW IT OFF
TO HIS FRIENDS...

AND TALK TO IT ON
LONG WINTER
EVENINGS, AS WAS
THE CUSTOM IN
THOSE DAYS.



MOGROOTH DIDN'T
USE HIS WEAPON,
EITHER...

THAT WOULD BE -
TOO QUICK.



HE WANTED SLAINE
TO SUFFER...



AND THE RMOAH'S KNEW
WAYS OF KEEPING A MAN
ALIVE FOR DAYS IN
INDESCRIBABLE TORMENT.

THE EVER-LIVING ONES
LOOKED ON...

YOU INTEND TO
TRUST THIS...
BRAWLING
SAVAGE WITH
A MISSION TO
ALTER TIME,
MYRDDIN?

IT'S HIS FIGHTING SKILLS
THAT INTEREST ME, BROTOR.

THAT IS THE FACE OF MINDLESS
VIOLENCE! HE LACKS THE NOBLE
BROW OF A GREAT HERO... AN
ARTHUR... OR A FINN!

AH, BUT I SENSE
HIDDEN DEPTHS
BEHIND THAT
BRUTAL EXTERIOR.

AYE! I'M SURE
THERE'S NONE
HE WOULDN'T
SINK TO!

SILENCE! I AM THE SWINEHERD
AND YOU ARE MY PIGS. I MAKE
THE DECISIONS HERE!

I... I MEANT NO
DISRESPECT,
MYRDDIN.

STOP!

THE
MAGUS!

SLAINE! WELL,
WELL, WELL! GOOD
TO SEE YOU AGAIN,
MY BOY! AND UKKO
AND CHICKEN, TOO!

THE NAME
IS NEST!

WE HAD MET CADOR THE DODMAN
DURING AN EARLIER ADVENTURE...

TIME ENOUGH LATER FOR
SOCIAL NICETIES, CADOR.
WHAT IS IT, GENERAL BELI?

THE CYTHRONS
ARE AT
THE WALLS!

THEIR DILUVIAL ALLIES HAVING FAILED,
THE CYTHRONS THEMSELVES WERE
ATTACKING...

GO TH!

...THEIR POWER SUITS TURNING
THEM INTO SMALL SUNS!

FIRST I KILL
THE FIRE
DEMONS...
THEN YOU!

THOSE YOU MURDER
WITH YOUR MOUTH
OFTEN LIVE LONGEST.

ACTION SPEAKS
LOUDER
THAN WORDS!

S
H
R
A
M
M
!



IN THE THICK OF THE BATTLE WAS YOUR HUMBLE DWARF, CARRYING LEYSER-CHARGED 'LODESTONES' FOR THE CANNONS.

HURRY, DWARF - OR IT WILL BE RIGHT FOR YOU TO HAVE A HIDING.



MUST BE A WAY I CAN MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF ALL THIS!

MAYBE I COULD WRITE A SAGA ABOUT IT ONE DAY...



WRETCHED, MISGUIDED CREATURES! WHAT A TRAGIC WASTE OF LIFE.

YOU FEEL PITY...? FOR THE CYTHRONS?



WITH GOOD REASON, UKKO. FOR, HEAVEN HELP ME...

I AM HALF-HUMAN...



... HALF-CYTHRON!



BEYOND THE FORTRESS, THE TWO CYTHRON LEADERS CONFERRED... MYRAAKOTHA, DIRECTOR OF EXPERIMENTS, AND MALKUTH - SLUASH, FARM MANAGER...

THE BATTLE GOES AGAINST US, MALKUTH - SLUASH. THAT TRAITOR MYRDDIN HAS HIS PIGS WELL-TRAINED...

THE GULEDIO - PRAISE BE HIS NAME - IS NOT PLEASED! HE ORDERS THE RELEASE OF THE GREAT TIME WORM, CROM - CRUACH!

BUT MY WHOLE FARMING POLICY IS BASED ON CROM FEEDING UNOBSERVED... YOU KNOW HOW JUST THE SIGHT OF HIM UPSETS THE PIGS!



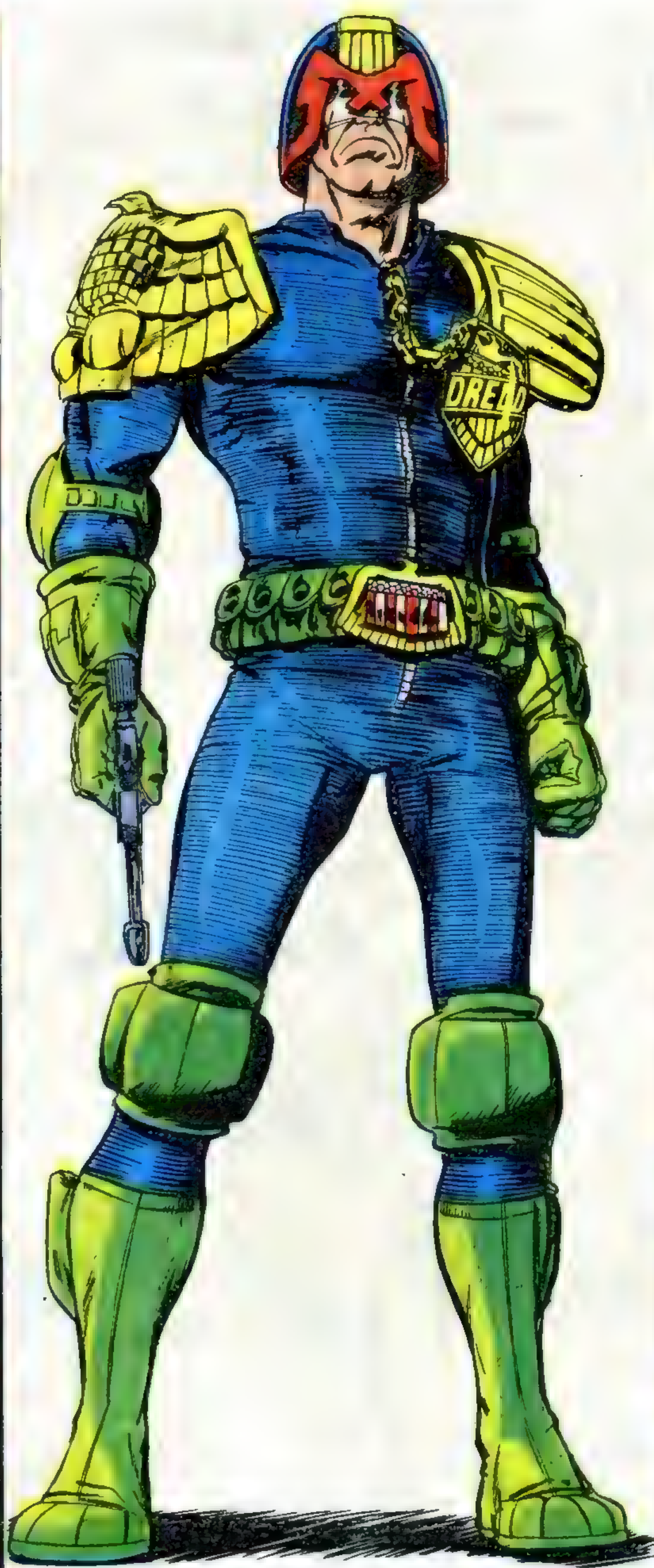
PRECISELY! THEY WILL RUN, SQUEALING IN TERROR...

AND THE ETERNAL FORTRESS WILL BE OURS!

Next Prog:

THE MAGGOT GOD!

JUDGE DREDD



WHEN THE LAST DINNER PLATE HAS BEEN PUT AWAY,
WHEN THE FIRST LIQUEURS HAVE BEEN POURED,
AND THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED DOWN LOW —



WHEN THE CONVERSATION DROPS TO AN INTIMATE WHISPER,
AND THERE'S MORE THAN A HINT OF ROMANCE IN THE AIR —

THEN SOME MORON IS SURE TO SAY —



HEY, EVERYBODY!
LET'S PLAY
SPUGBUG!

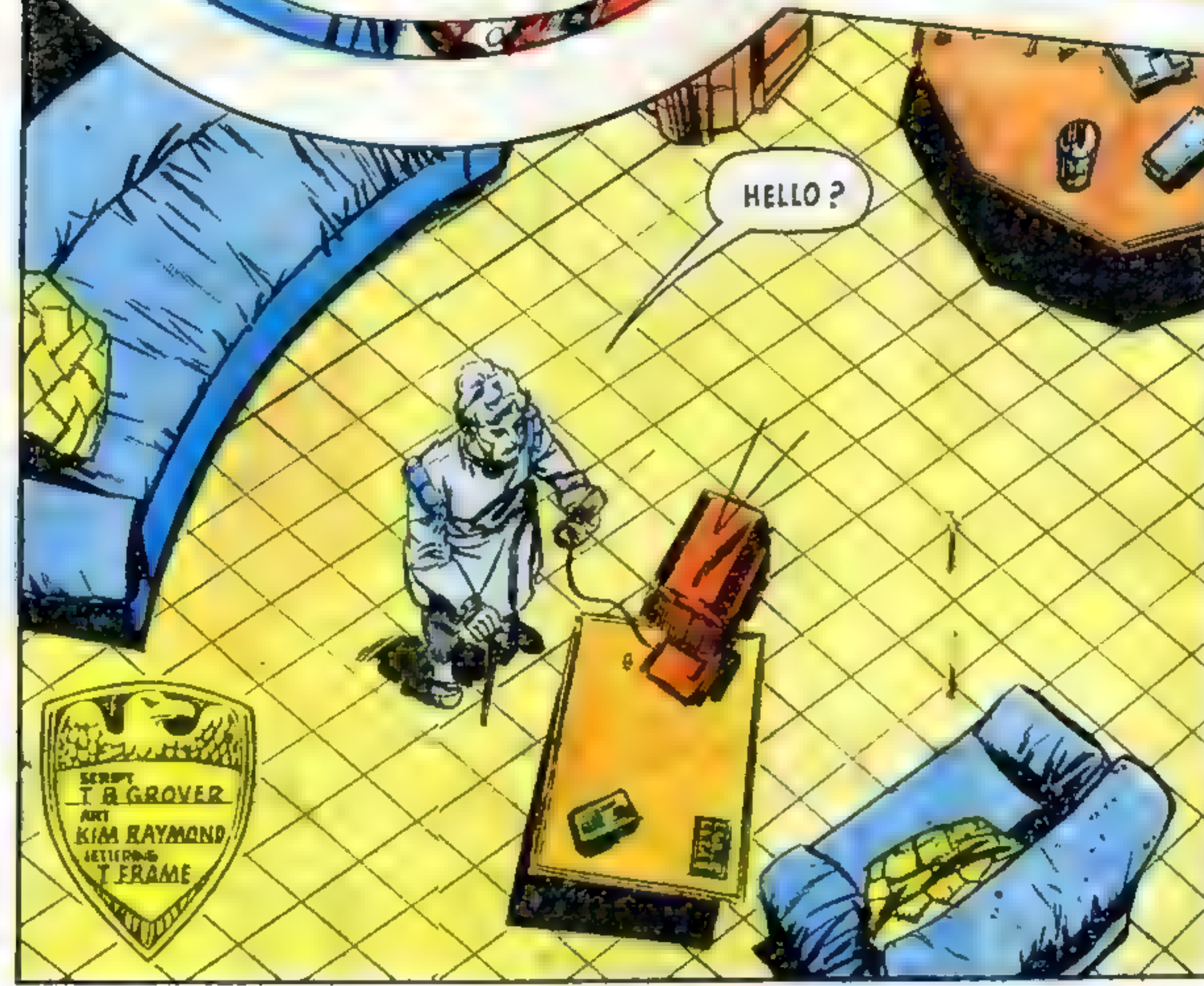


I GOT AN UNREGISTERED
VID PHONE HERE!

WHEEE!
LET'S DO IT!

FIRST CALL'S
MINE!

RANDOM NUMBER, MO!
NOBODY YOU KNOW!



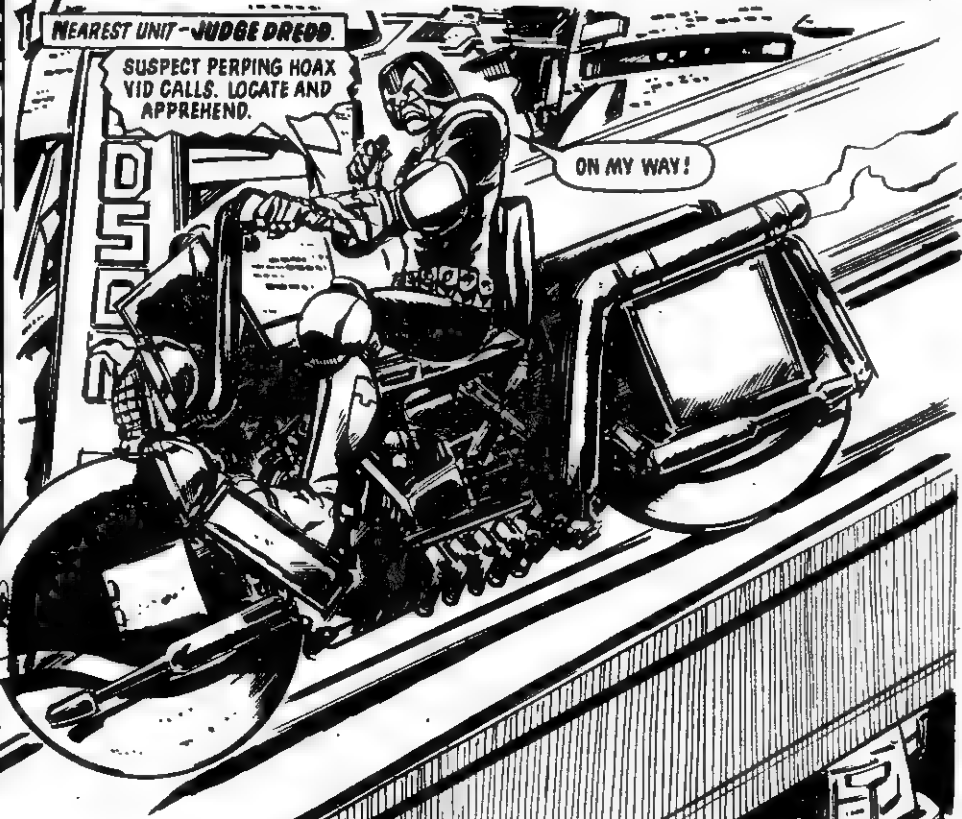
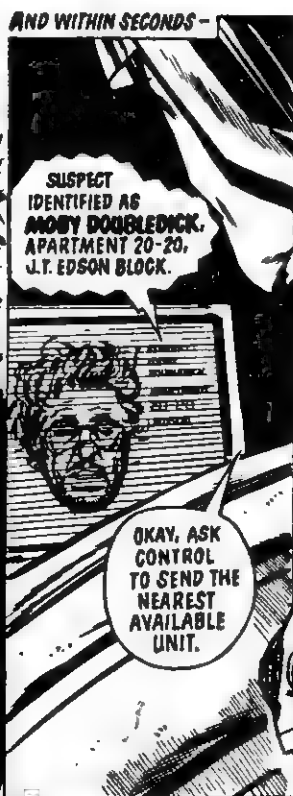
HELLO?

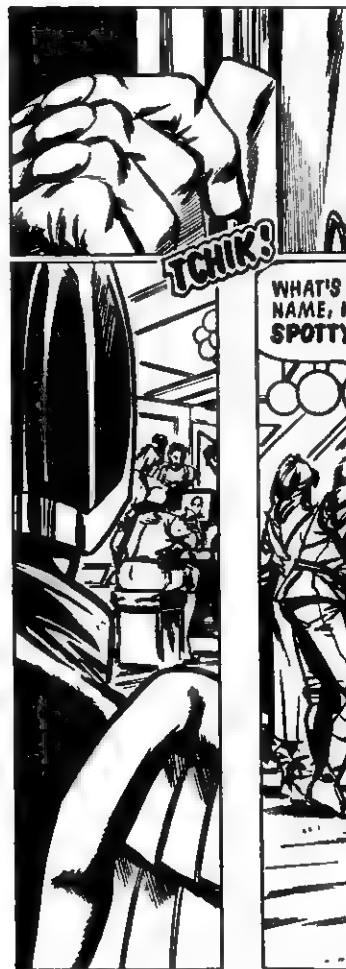
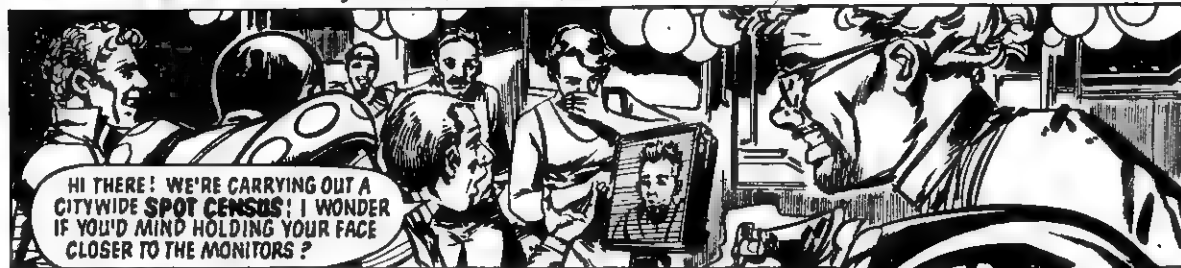
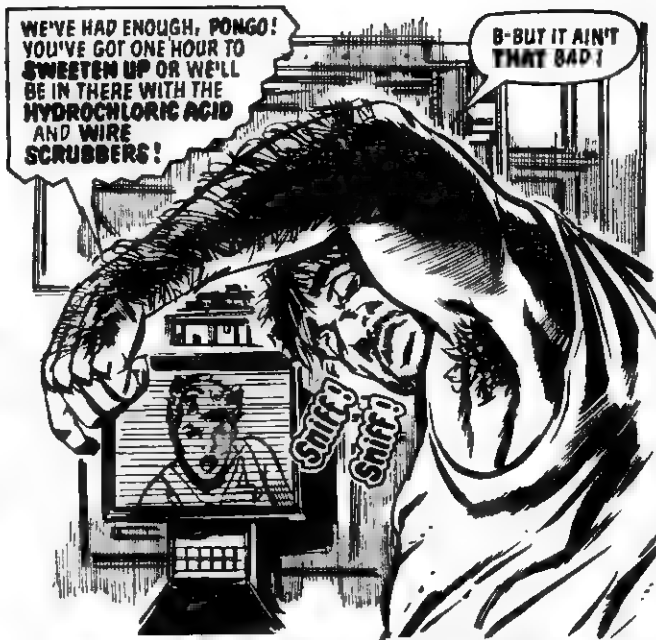


HI THERE! THIS IS PEZ PERADO
ON THE PHONE QUIZ! ANSWER
THIS SIMPLE QUESTION AND YOU
COULD WIN ONE MILLION
CREDS!

FESS! FESS! I'M ON
SOMETHING CALLED
PHONE QUIZ!









WH-WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

SPOTTY! SPOTTY! NORM'S A LITTLE SPOTTY!



GAME'S OVER, CREEPS!

J-JUDGE DREDD!

WE-WERE JUST JOKING AROUND, JUDGE!



ONE OF YOUR VICTIMS DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO FUNNY. HE DIED.

OH NO!



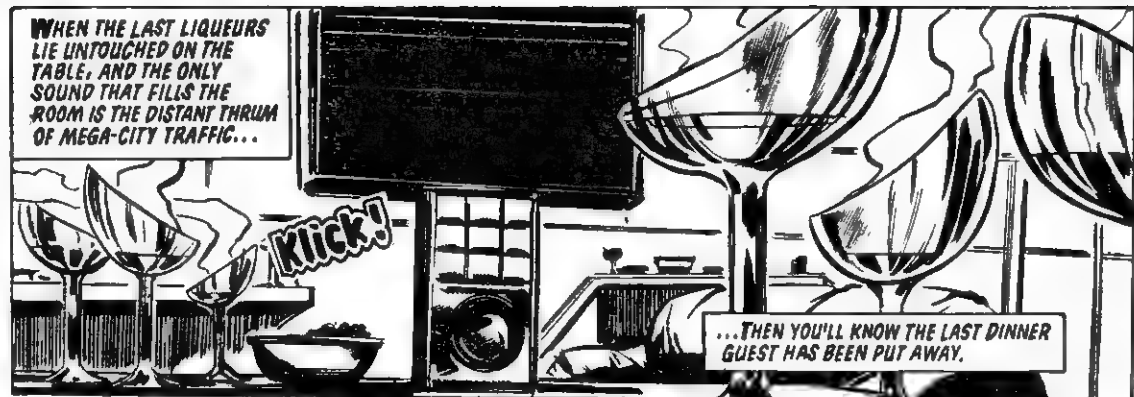
MOVE!



WHEN THE LAST SPUG HAS BEEN BUGGED...

HELLO! IS ANYONE THERE? HELLO!

AW, SNECK YA!



WHEN THE LAST LIQUEURS LIE UNTOUCHED ON THE TABLE, AND THE ONLY SOUND THAT FILLS THE ROOM IS THE DISTANT THRUM OF MEGA-CITY TRAFFIC...

KICK!

...THEN YOU'LL KNOW THE LAST DINNER GUEST HAS BEEN PUT AWAY.



GOS THERE'S ALWAYS SOME JUDGE WHO'LL TURN UP TO SAY -

YOU'RE DOIN' TIME, CREEPS!

SPUGBUG - SAFER TO STICK TO THE AFTER DINNER MINTS!

NEXT PROG: SOME HATE IT HOT!

ON THE PLANET HORST, ROGUE TROOPER'S QUEST FOR THE ANTIGEN THAT CAN REGENE HIS BIOCHIPPED BUDDIES HAS LED HIM INTO CONTACT WITH HORST'S INSECTOID SOUTHER ALLIES. BUT ROGUE'S PRESENCE HAS ALSO BEEN REPORTED TO THE NORT ALLIES ON HORST... WINGED ALIEN NIGHTMARES!

ROGUE TROOPER

4351Y95!
55X1W/8!!



75B7P!!!

ROGUE IS BEING LED TO
A DATA DUMP BY THE
INSECTOIDS' SOUTHER
ADVISER —

HOW MUCH
FARTHER, OLD
MAN? I'M
GETTING
IMPATIENT.

YEAH. THAT
DUMP CONTAINS
INFO ON THE
BIG A!

DON'T WORRY, G.I. —
WE'VE REACHED THE
SPOT. TWENTY METRES
DOWN THERE...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
JOSE ORTIZ
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e

IN A CAMOUFLAGED DUNE —

THERE... THOUSANDS OF INFORMATION DISCS CONTAINING ALL KNOWN DATA ON HORST!



BAGMAN'S BATTLE COMPUTER CAN CHECK THROUGH THEM. I'LL START WITH THE GENETIC ENGINEERING DATA...



THIS COULD TAKE SOME TIME. YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET YOUR INSECTOIDS DUG IN.



THE 'TOIDS HAVE LOST THE WILL TO FIGHT. I'D LIKE TO HELP THEM... BUT THE BIOCHIPS COME FIRST.



GOT TROUBLE ON MY SENSORS, ROGUE! A WHOLE SWARM OF THOSE NORTS FLAPPING THIS WAY!



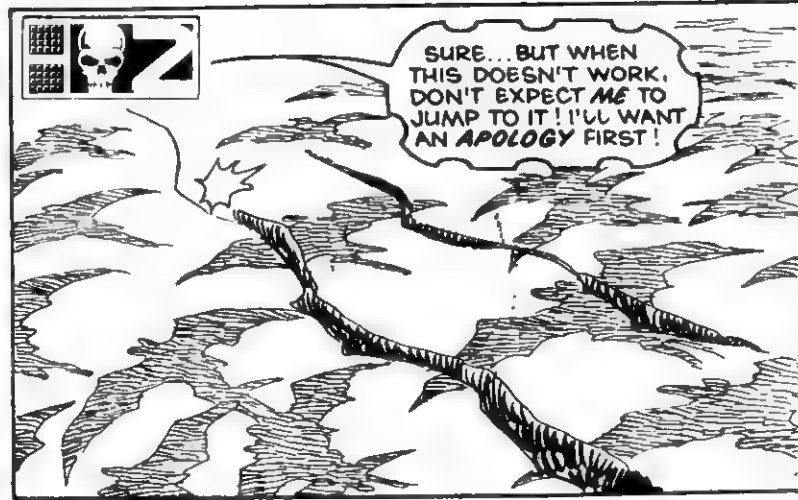
TAKE COVER!

NORTS!



HURRY! CAMOUFLAGE YOURSELVES IN THE SAND!







HE'S WIPED
OUT THE PARENTS.
YOU'VE GOT TO
SAVE THE CHILDREN,
ROGUE!

CAN'T USE
GUNNAR. TOO
NOISY...



BUT I CAN
STILL MAKE MY
POINT - WITH THE
ENTRENCHING
TOOL!



BULL'S-EYE!
BUT THAT
TATTOO ON
ITS ARM...



IT'S ME!

THEY KNOW I'M
ON HORST! THIS IS
GOING TO MAKE
THINGS TOUGH...
REAL TOUGH...



TROOPER! I'VE
JUST FOUND THE
DATA YOU NEED -
COME AND SEE.



ANTIGEN KNOWN
AS 'NEVA'
OCCURS AS
NATURAL
MINERAL IN
LOCATION
BLUE ZONE...

BLUE ZONE?
WHERE'S THAT?



THAT... THAT'S
A CODE FOR
THE VALK
MOUNTAINS. THERE
ON THE SKYLINE -
THAT'S WHERE
YOU MUST GO.

NOT MORE THAN
A DAY'S MARCH. YOU
HEAR THAT, BOYS?
WE'RE TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS FROM
TOUCHDOWN!

NEXT PROG: INTO THE BLUE!

YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!



I NEED YOUR HELP, EARTHLETS! THE ONLY WAY TO COMBAT THRILL-SUCKER INFESTATION IS REGULAR JOLTS OF THRILL-POWER, AND THAT MEANS A WEEKLY ORDER FOR 2000 AD. FILL IN THE COUPON TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND THEN GIVE THE SPARE COUPON TO A FRIEND. REMEMBER, EARTHLETS — YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

FIGHTING THE EVIL OF

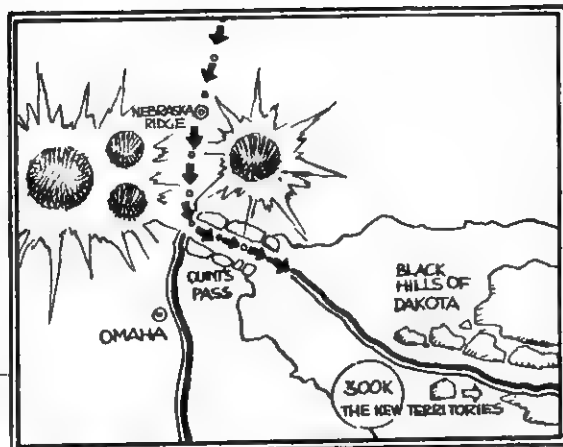


**DUKE AND
HIS ACTION
FORCE TEAM**
EVERY WEEK
IN

**BATTLE
ACTION FORCE**
ON SALE NOW - 24p

THE NEW TERRITORIES LAY 300 KAYS AWAY—YET HOW MANY TREKKERS WOULD LIVE TO FIND THEIR DREAM?

THE HELL TREKKERS



FROM THE LOG
OF TREKMASTER
LUCAS RUDD—

DAY 11

We cleared the Nebraska Rift and camped till morning. And as always, the new day brought new problems...

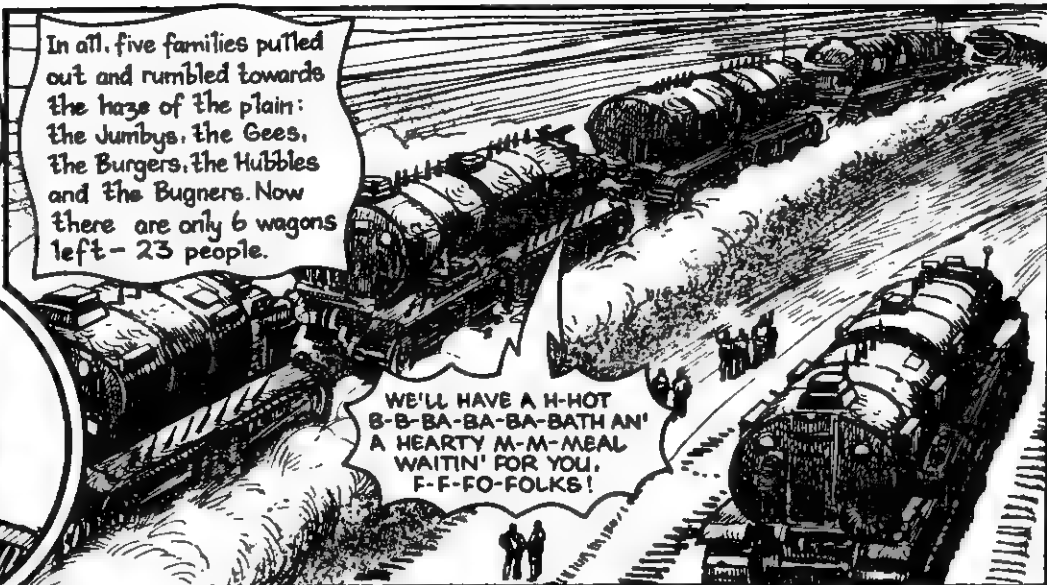
IS IT TRUE
WHAT I HEAR,
LUCAS? YOU'RE
PLANNIN' TO
LEAD US
NORTH?

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
/ MARTIN CANDOR
ART ROBOT
LALIA
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E





WE'VE GOT TO GO AGAINST YOU, LUCAS. YOUR WAY COULD TAKE ANOTHER TWO TO THREE DAYS. WEST'S OUR BEST SHOT!



In all, five families pulled out and rumbled towards the haze of the plain: the Jumbys, the Gees, the Burgers, the Hubbles and the Bugners. Now there are only 6 wagons left - 23 people.

WE'VE HAD A SN-SNIFF OF THOSE N-N-NEW TERRITORIES NOW, LUCAS! WE JUST G-G-G-GOTTA GO!



WE'LL HAVE A H-HOT B-B-BA-BA-BATH AN' A HEARTY M-M-MEAL WAITIN' FOR YOU, F-F-F-FOLKS!



HELLO! WHAT GO ON OUT THERE? WHAT ALL THIS B-B-BA-BA-BATH STUFF?



THE TREK'S SPLIT UP, U HO! SOME OF THE WAGONS ARE HEADING WEST! THERE'S STILL TIME TO JOIN THEM IF YOU WANT!

WHO YOU?

LUCAS RUDD ... YOUR TREKMASTER!



AH YES! LUDD OKAY!

HE GET US THIS FAR!



OKAY! WE STICK WITH YOU! GO 'WAY NOW! THANK YOU!

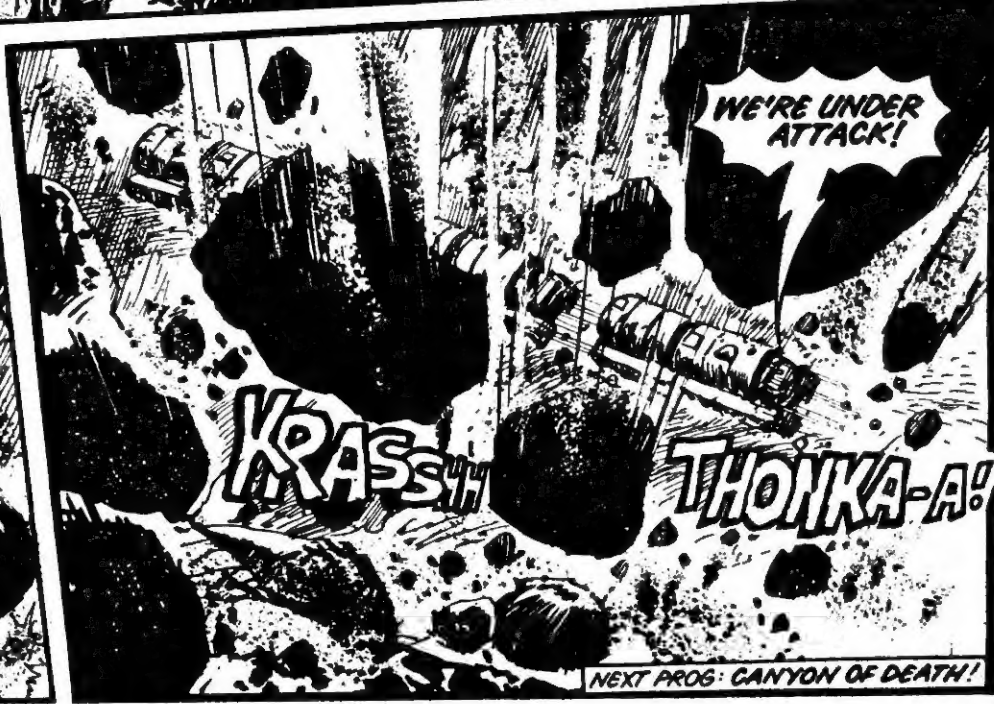
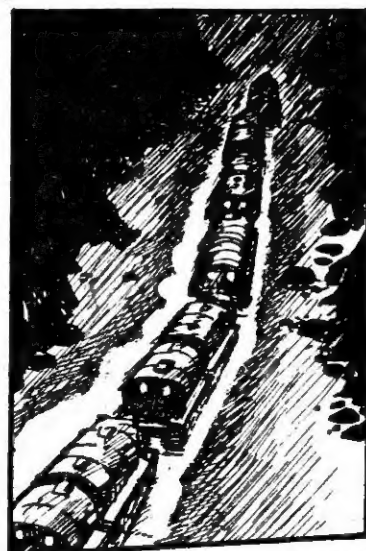
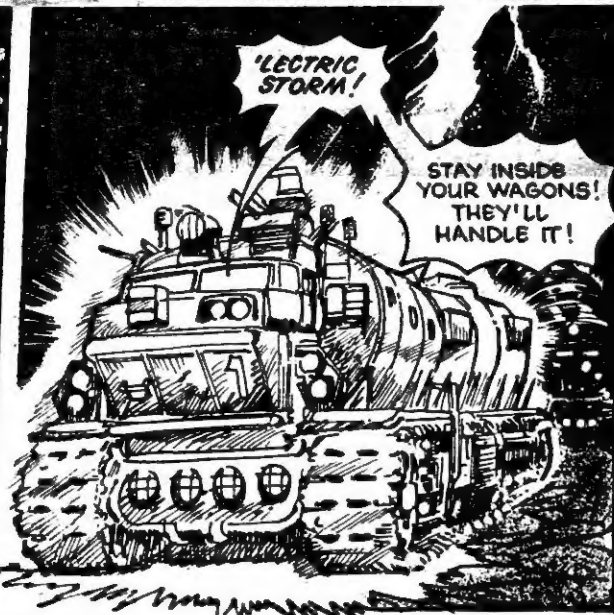


BISH! BISH! COME QUICKLY!

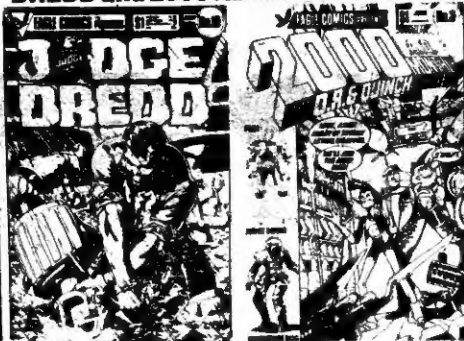


IT'S LITTLE CRUSTACIA! SHE'S GOT INTO THE WATER TANK AND SHE WON'T COME OUT!





DREDD and 2000 AD in FULL COLOUR



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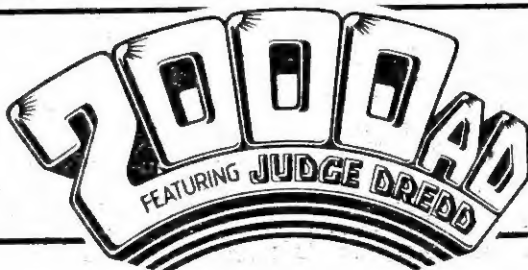
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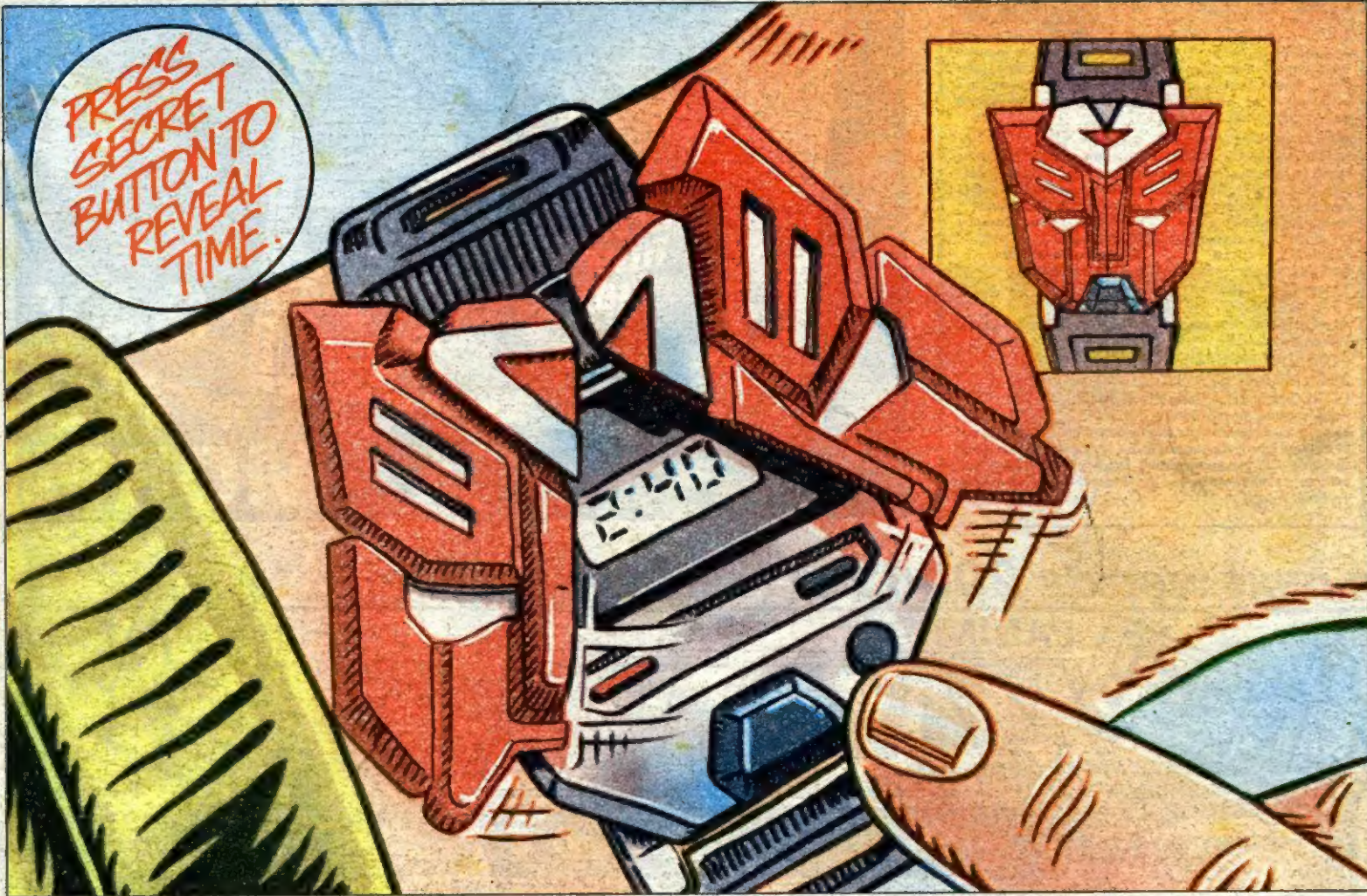
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